GREAT PICTURE BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES HERE

The Much Discussed "Beheading of John the Baptist" in the Collection of John Quinn

THERE is now in New York a great picture by a great painter, Puvis de Chavannes. It is in the private collection of John Quinn, Esq., among the other admirable examples gathered by this indefatigable connoisseur. The work was formerly in the possession of Durand-Ruel, through whose courtesy we reproduce it on this page to-day. Hung in the Universal Exposition, Paris, 1889, the "Beheading of John the Baptist" was first shown at the Salon of 1870 and was violently abused by many critics. The public displayed better taste and crowded to see this strange, striking composition, which was as both René Menard and Georges Lefenestre wrote, the most important contribution to the Salon of 1870. In the Municipal Gallery of Dublin there is a variant of the picture, but a much weaker one in design and execution. The Saint is quite different, and instead of one onlooker there are three. Nor is the headsman so rhythmic of gesture and powerful in conception.

Mr. Quinn's version is magnificent. It is easily the best Puvis in America—setting aside the not altogether satisfactory mural decorations of the Boston Public Library. In both pictures the portrait of the woman, too tender for the true Herodias, is that of the Princess Cantacuzene, who later becomes the wife of the painter.

Although he has been dead since 1898 critical battles are still fought over his artistic merits. Whether you agree with Huysmans and call him a pasticheur of the Italian Primitives or else the greatest artist in mural decoration since Veronese depends much upon your temperament. There are many to whom Henri Martin's gorgeous color—Monet's method applied to vast spaces—or the blazing originality of Albert Besnard make more intimate appeal than the pallid poetry, solemn rhythms and faded moonlit tonal gamut of Puvis. Because the names of Gustave Moreau and Puvis were often associated Huysmans cries aloud at the "obsequious heresy" of the conjunction, forgetting the two men were friends.

With Marius Vachon we are far from Huysmans with his succinct but disrespectful sarcasm about Puvis, "c'est un vieux regaudon qui s'essaie dans le requiem." The truth is that some who were acquainted with the exterior Puvis were disappointed to find him a sane, solidly built man, a good liver in the best sense of the word, without a suggestion of a morbid, vaporing pontiff or haughty Olympian. He was, personally, not in the least like his art, a crime that sentimentalists seldom forgive. He was a Burgundian and possessed the characteristics of his race. Asceticism was the last quality to seek in him. A good dinner, washed down with old burgundy, congenial comrades, above all the society of his beloved Princess Cantacuzene, whose devotion to her husband was the one romantic note in his career; these and twelve hours toil daily made up the long life of this distinguished painter.

His Education in Art.

He lived for half a century between his two ateliers, one on the Place Pigalle, the other at Neuilly. Notwithstanding his arduous combat with the Institute and public indifference, his cannot be called an unhappy existence. He had his art, in the practice of which he was a veritable fanatic; by inheritance he was rich, and he was happy in his love. Affluence, love, art, a trial to attain which most men would stop at no sacrifice, came to Puvis, yet the gadfly of ambition was in his flesh. In his studio he was a visionary, even a recluse, like his friend Moreau, but in the open a fighter for his ideas; and his ideas have shown not only French artists but the entire world the path back to true mural painting. It is not an exaggeration to say that Puvis literally created modern decorative art.

His father was chief engineer of mines, a successful man with a strong will. Like father like son was true in this case, though the young Puvis elected, after some opposition, painting as a profession. He had fallen ill and was sent to Italy. There he did not, as has been asserted, linger at Pompeii or in the Roman Catacombs, but instead saved his enthusiasm for the Quattrocentisti. He admired the old Umbrian and Tuscan masters, he was ravished by the Basilica of St. Francis at Assisi and Santa Maria Novella, Florence. Titian, Tintoretto, finally Veronese riveted his passion for what has been falsely styled "the archaic."

Returning to Paris he was conducted by his friend Beauderon to the studio of Delacroix, whom he adored. He remained just fifteen days, when the shop was shut. Delacroix, in a rage over the lack of talent and also of funds among his pupils, sent them away. Puvis had been under the tuition of Henri Scheffer, the brother of Ary Scheffer, and for years spoke with reverence of the latter, a serious, though mediocre, painter. He next sought the advice of Thomas Couture and stayed with him three months, not, however, quarrelling with the master, as later did another pupil, Edouard Manet. Puvis was tractable enough; but he had one failing, not always a sign of talent or the reverse—he refused to see or paint as he was told to do by his teachers.

For this stubbornness his enemies, among whom ranked the most powerful critics of Paris, declared that he had never been grounded in the elements of an art education, that he could not draw or design, that his color sense was really color blindness. To be sure, he did not boast a fulgurating brush and his line is often awkward or inelastic; but he had the fundamentals of decorative art well in hand. He was very receptive and accomplished an enormous amount of work without letting the world into his secret.

After his death thousands of sketches, designs, pencilled memoranda, cartoons, were found and then there was a different tune whistled by the critics. His draughtsmanship is that of a decorative artist, as the Rodin drawings are those of a sculptor, not a painter's. Considering the rigid standard by which the work of Puvis was judged criticism was not altogether wrong, as was claimed when the wave of reaction set in. His easel pictures are hardly ingratiating. He does appear to best advantage in a gallery. He needs huge spaces in which to swim about; there he makes other men's compositions pygmy.

Painted Many Pictures.

It is the case of Richard Wagner repeated though there is little likeness between the ideas of the Frenchman and the German except in epical bigness in both. Judged by the classical standards of the concert room Wagner is not to be compared with the mellifluous miniaturist Mendelssohn. His form is the larger mould of the music drama, not the symphonic form, either classic or romantic. Time, place, action are the three unities that inexorably hem in the music drama of Wagner. And one principle Puvis adhered to, that a wall is a wall and not an easel picture; it is flat and that flatness must be emphasized, not disguised. Decoration is the desideratum. Thus he contrived a schematic painting that would harmonize with the flatness, the texture and the architectural surroundings and, as George Moore puts it:

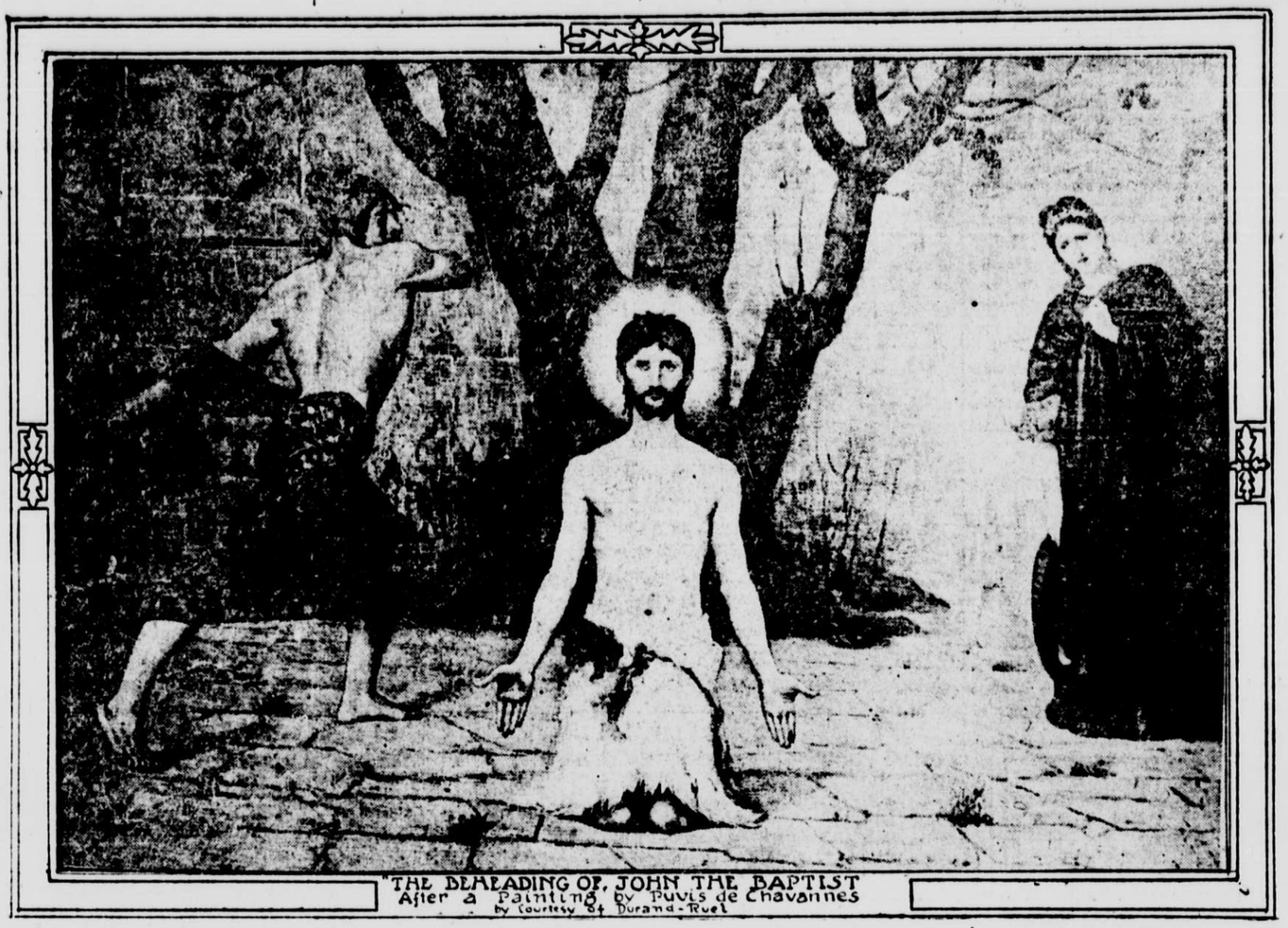
"No other painter kept this end so strictly before his eyes. For this end Chavannes reduced his palette almost to a monochrome; for this end he models in two flat tints; for this end he draws in huge undisciplined masses * * * mural decoration if it form part of the wall should be a variant of the stonework."

We take exception to the word "undisciplined." Puvis was one of the most calculating painters that ever used a brush, and one of the most cerebral. His favorite aphorism was: "Beauty is character."

His figures were called immobile, his palette impoverished; the unfair sex abused his lean, lanky female creatures; finally he was nicknamed a Lenten painter, a painter for fast days. Even the hieratic figures of Moreau were pronounced opulent by sheer comparison with the moonlight spectres of the Puvis landscapes. Courbet was known as the "furious madman," Puvis as the "tranquil lunatic." Nine of his pictures were refused at the Salon, though he exhibited there his "Return from Hunting" in 1859, and he even received in 1861 a second class medal.

His fecundity in invention was remarkable. His work principally comprises the life of St. Geneviève at the Pantheon (the saint is a portrait of his Princess), "Summer" and "Winter" at the Hotel de Villa, the decorations for the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, the decorations at Rouen, "Inter Artes et Naturam" at Lyons, "The Sacred Wood," "Vision Antique," the Rhone, the Saône, the decorations at Amiens, "War," "Peace," "Rest," "Labor," "Ave Picardia Nutrix," and two smaller grisailles, "Vigilance" and "Fancy"; at Marseilles, the "Marseilles," "Porte d'Orient," and "Marseilles, the Greek Colony"; the decorations for the Boston Library and his easel picture, "The Poor Fisherman," now in the Luxembourg. In this latter, the painter explained that he had found the mode in the person of a wretchedly poor fisherman who lived at the estuary of the Seine; the young girl is a sister and the landscape is from the surroundings, though, as in the case with Puvis, considerably generalized.

The above is but a slender list, for there are later also the "Beheading of St. John" in the Zunin collection and the Dublin version; also the "Pro Patria Ludus," not to mention many easel pictures, some of which are in America. There is a pallid, chalky one at the Metropolitan Museum.



"THE BEHEADING OF JOHN THE BAPTIST"
After a Painting by Puvis de Chavannes
By Courtesy of Durand-Ruel

Ways Distinctly Modern.

All his frescoes are applied canvases. He didn't worry about antique methods, nor can it be said that his work is an attempt to rehabilitate the Italian primitives. On the contrary, Puvis is distinctly modern, and perhaps that constitutes his chief offence in the eyes of official French art, while the fact remains that his "modernity" is transposed to decorative purposes an appeared in so strange a guise—just as some critics refuse to recognize in certain compositions of Johannes Brahms the romantic—that the younger men regarded him suspiciously. Thus, in the estimation of the rival camps, Puvis fell between two stools.

He has been christened a latter day Domenico Ghirlandajo, but this attribution rings less liberal than literary. Mr. Brownell with his accustomed sense of critical values has to our notion summed up the situation:

"His classicism is absolutely unacademic, his romanticism unreal beyond the verge of mysticism, and so preoccupied with visions that he may almost be called a man for whom the actual world does not exist—in the converse of Gautier's phrase. His distinction is wholly personal. He lives evidently on a high plane, dwells habitually in the delectable highlands of the intellect. The fact that his work is almost wholly decorative is not at all accidental. His talent, his genius, if one chooses, requires large spaces, vast dimensions. There has been a good deal of profitless discussion whether he expressly imitates the primitives or reproduces them sympathetically; but really he does neither; he deals with their subjects occasionally, but always in a completely modern as well as a thoroughly personal way. His color is as original as his general treatment and composition."

The men and women of Puvis are not precisely pagan nor yet Biblical. They reveal traits of both, strained through a drastic intellect. But they are not abstractions; the men are virile, the women material. There is the spirit of humanity, not of anæmia, decadence.

Puvis did not, like Moreau, turn his back to the setting sun. He admired Degas, Manet, Monet; at first he patterned after his friend Chassereau, a too little known painter, once a mural decorator before he became enwrapped in Oriental themes. The Lenten landscapes of Puvis are not mere scenic background, but are integral parts of the general decorative web. And they are not conceived in No Man's Land, but selected from the vicinity of Paris. He is by no means a virtuoso. His pace is usually andante; he knew how to evoke a mood, summon up the solemn music of mural spaces. His crabbed fugues melt into the larger austere harmony of the wall. His choral walls are veritable épopées. He oftener sounds the symphonic than the lyric note. He gains his most moving effects without setting into motion the creaking allegorical machinery of the Academy. He shows the simple attitudes of life transfigured without rhetoric. He avoids frigid allegory, yet employs symbols. His tonal attenuations, his elliptical and syncopated rhythms, his atmospheric evocation of the remote, the mysterious—these give the spectator the sense of serenity, a momentary freedom from the feverishness of everyday life, and suggest the cool, lofty wisdom of classic poets. But the serpent of futile melancholy and of the brief cadence of mortal dreams, of the perishing, vanishing moments that defile by, has stolen into this pictorial Garden of the Hesperides. Puvis, no more than Gustave Moreau, failed to escape the inquietude of his age. He is often Parisian and pessimist.

His Methods Illustrated.

The inability of his contemporaries to understand his profoundly decorative genius, his tact in the handling of problems of light—the key must be always higher because of the different and softer light of public buildings and the gloom of churches—and his feeling for the wall as well, a flat space, not to be confounded with the art that would make the picture as an open window in the wall, but based on the flatness of the material and on the aerial magic of his spacing, sorely troubled Puvis for half a century. Doubtless it was his refusal to visit Boston and study the architectural conditions of the Public Library that resulted in the hangfire of his decorations there, though several are of an exalted order. One, at least, was a springboard for the decorative genius of Besnard, as may be noted in his frescoes on the ceiling at the Hôtel de Ville, Paris.

That Puvis de Chavannes was not an unfeeling Bonzé of art and a man of warm affections was proved after the death of his much beloved wife, Princess Marie Cantacuzene. Sorrow over her loss killed him two months later. He had painted the thousand and one expressive moments of the life of our species, a veritable hymn to humanity. Are they not eternal? Yes, till the canvas fades or the wall decays. Art is long and appreciation a chilly consolement. Therefore let us stick to the eternal verities.

For Mr. MacColl Puvis de Chavannes's is the abstracting mind that comes after the accumulation of natural effect and revolution of tonality in the landscape school to renew decoration. The pale tones and broad flat masses of fresco charmed him, as they charmed ineffectually the ecclesiastical decorations of his time; he, heir to Corot as well as Chassériau, found a logic for these tones by reference to a natural key, to the reading of a scene in milky dawn colors or pearly light, a means of organizing at once his harmony and its sentiment. Landscape is dominant in his compositions, a modern landscape of delicately colored light and shadow. The "Winter" of the Hôtel de Ville, a snow scene in broad masses of rose and blue, may stand for an example of his innovation.

Methods and Achievements of Artist Who Showed the Path Back to True Mural Painting

To set his key he would carefully note in his sketch book the ground tone of the wall, and return after to verify it. On this he built, choosing a few leading values to express his scene. He became a painter, he said, after his first exhibition, when he learned the lesson of values by finding that the violet drapery of a figure disappeared into a background of the same tone. In his compositions he worked from what he called his "relays" of tone, fixed points between which the rest were modulated. He composed without dark shadows to preserve the flatness of the wall. When he was told that another painter had said, "Je me fiche de la muraille," he retorted, "S'il se fiches de la muraille, la muraille la vomira."

He reduced his execution to the simplest—a transference to the canvas of the plotted cartoon lines and the fitting between these of the color values, also plotted in a sketch. Painting directly from the model in the Amiens pieces, he thought, he had been tempted to show off in the "morceau." Later he simplified with self-sufficient rudeness, and copied from the design like a child. He admitted no repainting and cookery; the intended tone must be painted directly and if wrong scraped away and painted again. Glazings, he said, were gold for twenty-four hours and lead afterward. He was terribly bored by Delacroix's *Journal* and its anxious noting of methods.

Old Traditions Revived.

He had the Olympian hatred for all that was tumultuous, violent and beyond the means of expression and "impossible." Under the last head he classed the whole tradition of ceiling decoration since artists learned to faire plafonner, an art revived by Delacroix. He was disgusted to learn that at the Hôtel de Ville walls were to be covered with carvings and tapestries. He loved plains rather than alps, and quiet statuesque pose rather than furious action. He wished to remain parallel to natural laws, but not to compete with natural effect. In this tempestless, passionless art, with neither blood nor the color of blood in it, the Olympian dream revived, but purged and spare, humble and more remote, a "Vision Antique" that keeps something of ancient pietas and gravitas, of ascetic schooling and candor and temperance, in the Greek and Roman of France.

In a setting of frail tree stems, of silver-green and gray-blue, no sharper note in the color than primrose upon ash, the gods and heroes survive, not in their pride of life, but wistful, painted as if remembered only. The Olympian art, arrogant and dry in Ingres, pays toll to landscape, to poverty, to pity, to reverie; the poor fisher is seen bowed over his nets in jealous space that sends up out of its mud a niggard flower or two; the divine muses have something to frustrate in the rude simplicity of their form, as if their carver had been more used to a spade than a chisel. The husbandman and woodman of Millet have died and come to heaven in Chassériau's golden age, but stiffness, shyness and doubt cling to and cramp their limbs. They take up less strenuous toils, with marmoral gesture, in vaster space; space weighs upon them, and melancholy resignation broods over the sacred seats.

Perhaps a few biographical data would not be amiss at this juncture. Pierre Cécile Puvis de Chavannes, son of an engineer, was born at Lyons on December 14, 1824. A member of an old Burgundian family, he was the second artist of his race, for in the Louvre is a landscape, "The Shepherds," by his ancestor, Pierre Domachin Sieur de Chavanne, who was a member of the Academy from 1709 to 1741. Puvis was educated with a view to following his father's profession, but a fortunate illness sent him to recruit his strength in Italy. The visit was a determining influence in his career, for on his return after an interesting and art-profitable sojourn he announced his intention of becoming a painter.

Studied Under Delacroix

His first teacher was Henri Scheffer, whom he left to visit Italy a second time. Returning to France he worked in the studios of Delacroix and Couture, but found himself without sympathy for either, and the term of their influence was limited to a few weeks. Having thus withdrawn from the romantic and classical traditions of the day he proceeded to work out his theories alone, giving himself entirely to mural and decorative painting.

Critics combined in disparaging his work, blaming his drawing, the calm immobility of his figures, the poverty of his simple palette. He was dubbed "un paintre de carême," whose dull eye saw nature in ungainly lines and tones of gray. Nine of his pictures were refused at the Salon, the one exception being his "Return from Hunting," exhibited in 1859. His merits first received recognition in 1861, when he obtained the second class medal. His two large canvases, "War" and "Peace," were bought by the State to be handed to the Amiens Museum in 1863. Having little sympathy with Academic traditions, he retained only for a short time his membership of the Salon jury, to which he was elected in 1872, and on the schism of 1890 was one of the promoters of the new Salon of the Champs de Mars, becoming its president on Messonier's death, in 1891. He died in Paris after a short illness on October 24, 1898, his last work having been the completion of the cartoons of his "Ravitaillement de Paris," for the Pantheon. Easel pictures or museum pictures by this great artist are of exceeding rarity, which but emphasizes the importance of Mr. Quinn's acquisition, "The Beheading of John the Baptist."

The International Art Exhibition at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburh, is said by those who know to be a great success. The total number of pictures shown is 394, representing artists from America, England, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Norway, Russia, Scotland, Spain Sweden and Switzerland. The committee and Director John W. Beatty are to be congratluated. The list of artists from John W. Alexnader to Anders Zorn comprises many well known names.

ART NOTES

Alfred Steiglitz has carried out his idea of an exhibition of drawings by children, and these drawings are now shown at the Photo Secession Galleries. They are the work of children who have had no instruction whatever. The age of the eldest child represented is eleven years and that of the youngest is three years. Such an exhibition is of peculiar interest just now, when apropo sof the post-impressionist movement, one hears so much of the naive and childlike attitude in art, and the necessity of freeing art from sophistication and dogma. Remarkably decorative are some of these attempts, and from the naive freshness and beauty of these drawings one may draw many a text, both artistic and psychologic.

An exhibition of portraits by Dana Pond is being held at the Knoedler Galleries, clever characterizations for the most part of New York society women, including Mrs. Frank Gould, Mrs. Herbert Sheftel and two portraits of Miss Marion Graham. Besides the portraits there are a study, an unfinished portrait, owned by Frank Jay Gould, "Old Breton Peasant," owned by H. Walter Webb; "Girl With Fur Coat," "Portrait of a Young Girl" and others.

At the Macbeth Galleries are shown a group of selected paintings by American artists, all representative examples of well know painters. A beautiful landscape by Arthur Davies is painted with his usual fine poetic feeling and technical mastery. "A Winter Road," by George Bellows, is a vital study, though too dense in color. Two characteristic landscapes, "Springtime" and "Clouds," are by Charles H. Davis. Very clever as paintings and as satire are the small pictures by Guy Pene du Bois "Men About Town" and "Amateur and Professional." "The Rose," by Charles W. Hawthorne, has fine qualities and is rich in color. George Luks shows two studies of the slums, "The Duchess" and "The Baby." Both are excellent characterizations and are vigorously painted. "The Bather," by Kenneth Hayes Miller, is a canvas of lyric beauty and exquisitely painted.

This is the last exhibition to be held in the Macbeth Galleries this season.

Samuel Halpert will not join the migratory throng of artists this year, but plans to spend the summer in New York, as he is particularly interested in painting New York themes. Mr. Halpert's original work was one of the notable exhibitions of the winter.

A portrait by Tintoretto has just been purchased through the Knoedler Galleries by Judge Elbert H. Gray. It shows a young man habited in black dress, with biretta and sword, representing a member of the Spinola family, and is dated 1551. It was recently bought from the Marchese Spinola of Genoa, who was induced to sell it before the Italian Government placed the picture on its index, which would have prevented its sale out of Italy.

Pictures by Elliot Clark are on view at the Katz Galleries. This is the closing exhibition of the season at these galleries. Several of the paintings are in rather high, light key, and opalescent in color. Especially glowing is "A Fantasy of Lake Como." "An Old House with Lilacs" is a pleasing and decorative study, as is "Apple Trees in Bloom." Mr. Clark has spent much time in the West, and his paintings of California hills and the Arizona Canyon are poetic interpretations of western country.

Kathleen McEnery, whose work attracted notice at a recent exhibition of the MacDowell Club, leaves shortly for her home in Great Barrington, Mass. Miss McEnery is going to paint several portraits during the summer, preparatory to an exhibition of her work in the fall.

Two portraits by Courbet have recently been presented to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts by Mary Cassatt, the American artist who for some years has made her home in France. Before being sent to the academy these pictures were for a few days on exhibition at the Durand-Ruel Galleries.

One portrait, "The Mayor of Ornans," was painted in 1850 at Ornans, in the Franche-Comte, the birthplace of Courbet. The portrait has been introduced by the artist in his large painting "The Interment at Ornans," now in the Louvre. This canvas was heavily painted and may be called his dark manner, which belonged to Courbet's earlier period.

The other canvas, a portait of a woman, shows Courbet in his last manner of painting, which was much lighter. The portrait represents a woman whose general characteristics would indicate that she came from the same part of the country as Courbet, the Franche-Comte. It is thought to have been painted between the years 1866 and 1870, from sixteen to twenty years after the portrait of the Mayor of Ornans. The two portraits are very different in character and represent the two manners of Courbet. They form a valuable acquisition to the Pennsylvania Academy.

The forty-fifth annual exhibition of the American Water Color Society opened April 25 at the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society, and will continue until May 12.

Only the two first galleries are devoted to the exhibition, the general average of which, if representative of the best American water colorists, leaves much to be desired. While many of the men represented have admirable technique, or, at last, an interesting method of manipulation, they have failed to find something interesting to say. The exhibition as a whole must be classed as mediocre.

By far the most interesting pictures shown are two by Edith M. Magonicle, showing strongly the influence of Japanese art. Indeed, they are copies in style, arrangement and color of the old Japanese actor prints. One is called "Love Among the Artists," and it requires some time for the significance of this title to railroad itself to one's intelligence. The picture shows a man and woman, the drawing and decoration of their robes and the conventional drawing of their faces Japanese to a degree, the man apparently about to plunge a dagger into the woman's back. The inference is that love among the artists is still in a very barbaric stage of development.

The other picture by Edith Magonicle is a portrait of Mrs. Valdemar Jones. The face has been drawn according to the Japanese convention, the robe, an opera coat, is almost entirely covered with a design of butterflies in old yellow and blue and black. Two perpendicular lines of old blue, purely decorative, and a tiled floor of black and white add further interesting arrangement to the composition. The picture is thoroughly suggestive of an old portrait print by one of the earlier Japanese print artists.

Three pictures by Tabor Sears, "Roofs and Sails, Bermuda," "The Cedar in Pembroke" and "Inn on the Severn" are very decorative in quality and charming in every respect, the two first mentioned being perhaps the most interesting.

"Rockaway Beach" by A. G. Peck is a small drawing of clear, crisp color, freely handled. It shows the figures of men and women with gay colored parasols and coats on the sand colored beach.

Two paintings of children by Hilda Belcher are painted with her usual charm and understanding of childish psychology. "Listening" shows a little fellow with intent and wondering expression, seated on a lounge. A row of books at the back of the divan repeats the colors of the rug at his feet. The other picture by Miss Belcher is called "The Fairy Book" and shows a little barefooted girl seated on the stairs, looking up with a faraway expression in her eyes from the book she is reading.

F. Hopkinson Smith exhibits several pictures, water colors over crayon. "The Rug Market" is the most interesting, but the water colors lack the charm of his charcoal drawings recently shown at Knoedlers.

Childe Hassam shows a large number of small pictures. "Lannion from the Quay," a jewel-like bit with many colored roofs against a turquoise sky, "Balcones and Roofs, Madrid," "The Letter Box" and "Street in Lannion" are the most pleasing.

"Two Women," by Henry J. Glindenkamp, strikes an original note in the monotony of the exhibition.

BLUE ROSE FROM GERMANY OFFERED THIS SPRING

When the flowers have their annual coming out parties in the spring the débutantes of the rose family are always the first to be named "among those present." They are more numerous and they have more admirers than all their rivals. But to distinguish the real débutantes, the genuine new arrivals, from their older sisters of other seasons you must know your floral blue book and social register thoroughly from beginging to end.

The nurserymen's annual catalogues contain the annals of the world of flowers and they are always bursting with important information and startling announcements. But their reports are frequently conflicting. The same rose may be announced as something new in one catalogue and be listed in another of the same date with no allusion to its age. One catalogue makes a genuine discovery this year that receives no recognition from the others until a year hence. New names are devised for old bushes and the combination put forward as a discovery. So it is no easy matter for the uninitiated to be sure which varieties are absolutely new and which are only partly so.

This year's offerings are as numerous and fascinating as ever. One of the most interesting of the recent discoveries as related by the nurserymen is introduced as the Violet Blue Rambler, "hailed by the German rose growers as the forerunner of a genuinely cornflower blue rose." It has something of the characteristics of the chameleon, for the color is at first either reddish pink or purplish pink, then amethyst and at last steel blue. The blossoms are of medium size, in large clusters.

The Violet Blue Rambler is a child of the Crimson Rambler, another relation of which is the Flower of Fairfield, similar in color but more brilliant and more lasting than its parent and prolific in blossoms in its first year. Another new rambler has been named Mrs. Flight and is put forth as beautiful, pink, semi-double, a strong grower and a very free bloomer.

There are many new baby ramblers. One is the Crimson Baby Rambler, a dwarf ever blooming Crimson Rambler with big bunches of double blossoms and thriving indoors or out. The White Baby Rambler differs from it in color only, while the Little Dorothy is similar but pink and often with bigger clusters of blossoms.

One spring announcement is that the very newest of all rambler roses is the Climbing Crimson Baby Rambler, which combines the ever blooming qualities of the Crimson Baby Rambler and a climbing growth which adapts it to use for the adornment of porches and pergolas. Another new, hardy climbing rose of the rambler type is the Goldfinch with lemon-yellow, semi-double flowers in large trusses.

In the hybrid tea rose department there are dozens of varieties designated as new. One is the Rena Robbins with large clear white or lemon tinted flowers, blending in the centre into a shade of orange. Another is the Radiance, whose flowers are a blending of carmine shades with metallic effects. The Rosemary, now in its second season at least, has established itself as a favorite. It is silvery pink with double flowers with unusually large petals on stiff, erect stems.

Helen Mills is another newcomer among the hybrid teas. It is pink and hardy, blooming freely from early spring throughout the growing season on a sturdy, symmetrical bush, and the color is a delicate shade of pink. "As large as American Beauty, as double as La France and as red as Richmond," is the description given by the enthusiastic originator of the Rhea Reid, a new crimson garden rose with a strong, disease resisting constitution.

Miss Genevieve Clark is a seedling rose from Germany, now offered after two years of thorough testing in the American climate. When the blossoms open they are a deep rich pink which fades somewhat as they grow older. It blooms throughout the summer and fall.

Roses always deserve the best soil they can get. If the natural soil is poor the rose beds must be dug out and filled with good rich loam mixed with well rotted stable manure in the proportion of one part of manure to three parts of loam. Some sand may also be mixed in to advantage. If commercial fertilizers are resorted to at all, they should be used but sparingly, for too much would be worse than none.

There are special plant foods for roses that may be used to advantage. When the plants are put in the ground the roots must be well covered and carefully arranged in their natural positions. They should be copiously watered after planting and every evening until it is apparent that they have taken firm hold in the soil and are beginning to thrive. If they are in a sunny place, as they should be, they should be covered with newspapers during the warmer hours of the day. It is not advisable to plant while the ground is too wet, and when the planting is done, all dried or withered branches and leaves should be cut off.